

THE STATE SENTINEL.
Is published every Tuesday—Office on Washington Street, Southeast of the State House, directly opposite Armstrong's Hotel.
TERMS.—Two dollars a year, advance. In no instance will more than one number be sent till the money is received. Subscribers will receive due notice a few weeks before the expiration of each year, and if the payment for a succeeding year be not advanced, the paper will be discontinued. This rule will be strictly adhered to in all cases. One dollar will be received for six months, and fifty cents for three months—always in advance. Five dollars will be received for three years; or, three papers will be sent one year for the same.
ADVERTISEMENTS.—Will be inserted three times at one dollar a square, (250 lines) for the first week, and at the rate of 25 cents a square weekly. Quarterly advertisements inserted at \$75 a square of 250 lines. Yearly advertisements will be accommodated on reasonable terms, which should always be made in writing as agreed upon.
All advertisements from abroad must be accompanied by the cash, or no attention will be paid to them.
Postage must be paid.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

BEARERS.—I have been drinking all night, and I want more time to prepare me, or they shall beat me with their fists. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

BEARER.—You must, and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

BEARER.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's pension.—Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectability and respect, that the vilest strata are the lot of those scandalous rogues whose fortune has left to shift for themselves." Such was my feeling of indignation when, full of penitence for the sin of ingratitude, I went to the office of the attorney who had swept together, and for the most part, picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly, that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbow. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and among the rest, of the distress of his particular friends, among whom I had been brought up, and who, in my forwardness, I had been used to consider as my own. My business required, but little explanation, for I was expected by neither rent-roll nor title deeds; and we sat down to consider the real means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small, experienced eye twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and at the same time, had taken but little notice of the fact of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing else on earth. For one undertaking, I wanted application; for another, I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irreparable, we must see what we can do to supply the latter. Take my advice—secure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little time to pay, for you look as if you would live forever, and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old comarant that there was every likelihood of my requiring his liberality by the most unrelenting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his continuance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly vouchsafed to accompany me to an assurance office where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting patiently for the same purpose. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the inquisition, among whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share, and ogled the others with such neighborly curiosity, that some of the fellows suffered would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitution, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How indeed could plague or pestilence, or gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed, when surrounded by a pack of voracious and deadly neighbors? I should have been glad to have seen the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a stranger really entered and seized upon his money, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who had lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventures for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, aware that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that they themselves would be as immortal as life as they themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One man, who was a large specimen of a man, and who was a great deal more than a common man, was ordered to go for a totter in his knees; another, for an extraordinary circumstance in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction, was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a trifling contest.

"Oh, never fear, sir!" quipped an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No—the rheumatism—nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"He died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No; they were killed in rows too."

"May, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"Pray, I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear, I am the sweetest temper in the world, baring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me, and I'll pay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The wiser of them, and the more sensible, ran hurriedly round the table. Every day had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a denigrating growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed to be a matter of no great importance, and he continued to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

The Price of Freedom is Eternal Vigilance.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

Vol. I.] INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 23, 1841. [No. 18.

"CROW, CHAPMAN, CROW!"

"Zounds!" thought I, "twenty thousand and a widow!"

"Ah! madam," observed the Chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! she would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external integuments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a broad chest," said one, "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another—"not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

"I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the Chairman read that I was warranted sound. The board congratulated me somewhat humbly, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" quipped the comarant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my barum scrum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probability of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely make it a stipulation."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought, I will warrant you will take your wife to dinner."

"Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was changed for a low evening dress, and my soul which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and flattered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite new to me. She ridiculed the rapidity of my acquaintance, and my modesty till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then, sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules."

The third and fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon myself the responsibility of my own conduct, and I was left to my own devices. I was received with progressive cordiality; and at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Per sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"I think you, when it came to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligent story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"For I tell please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it."

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, scuffling, disreputable vagabond; but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend:

Dear Sir: It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are improving, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend selling the insurance on my wife, I shall of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me obligate you to become an ensign in the West Indies, or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

How to me Rien—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stultify ourselves, and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despoiled, for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

The Rev. Jeremy Taylor, in his "Ductor Dubitantium," has laid it down as a canon of Christian morals, "that lying, deceiving, and dissembling, besides the ordinary acts of violence, are lawful in war; and has undertaken to point out the lies, that may, or may not, be told by generals, who are endeavoring to outwit one another."

condolences, pardon, perturbation, and petulant-perfect impotence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah! madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural. I am sure I am a bad loser, and when I was ordered into another room, I was so much affected by the loss of my father, that I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. "Perpetrate me however to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in his shoulder, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest, too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."

The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disengage themselves into another smile, and, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the sly; but put us on fair grounds, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expending a thousand admirable jokes, repeating touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughing, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chummed in with a wit as brilliant as his beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wazer, and my life was more precious than the big diamond. I kept my eye sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the e-alohs were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an emergency, in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that I was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her holy hand, and received with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her sighing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to give me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was changed for a low evening dress, and my soul which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and flattered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite new to me. She ridiculed the rapidity of my acquaintance, and my modesty till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then, sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules."

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HANNAH MOORE.—I know not, says this lady, whether my writings have created the spiritual wealth of my readers, but they have enabled me to go to bed with private charity, and public benevolence. I am almost ashamed to say they have brought me thirty thousand pounds.

WINTER IS COMING.

Ye maidens fair, yourselves prepare,
Winter is very near—
Wrap up your ears, my pretty dears,
Winter is coming.

Within a trice, upon the ice,
Acre, dike, and snow,
To freeze your toes and nip your nose,
Winter is coming.

Ye maidens old, and every school,
Lock, lock your parlor door,
To seal your doors with shells and corn,
Winter is coming.

A noted quix, you know he is,
Peeps through each crevice, whilst—
Ply! ply the list! let none be missed,
Winter is coming.

The shanty chaps try to tap,
But whistling rushes in,
Through thick and thin, his way he'll win,
Winter is coming.

Ye lasses all, before ye fall
In love with beaux, be wise!
To tell your lies, and eat your pies,
Winter is coming.

Grandmother! dam—! ball of yarn
Keep constant at your side,
With hasty stride, and long to 'bide,
Winter is coming.

Ye turkeys run, or you're undone!
For ever through the sleeping grave,
Keep constant at your side,
Winter is coming.

Now pull the plug and fill the mug,
Sleeping in sunshine bright,
With hasty stride, and long to 'bide,
Winter is coming.

The little voyagers.

The lake was smooth, and not a breath
Stirred through the sleeping grave,
The oak tree hung as mute as death
Upon the hill above.

"One, sister," said the young Annet,
While springing on the bank,
"Come over this water's slyly yest,
Let's sail upon this plank."

"Yes, brother," and the plank she drew
Around his neck he drew—
And they drifted from the land,
Poor children! though these waters lie,
Sleeping in sunshine bright,
That ray, which dazzles now the eye,
Shall melt away in night.

Yet, forth they drifted, till the lake,
Roused by the evening breeze,
Around the plank he drew—
And well in little seas,
"Alas, my brother," cried Florella,
And raised a piteous cry,
"Till both grown sick and dizzy, fell
Into the treacherous stream."

So they who sail on Pleasure's streams,
Most beautifully away,
For every sense around them, seems
Elysian and gay.

But, when attracted from the shore
Good night thrown to the sea,
The thrumming waves begin to roar,
And wait them on to death.

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

A dirty shirt covered with a clean dicker;
A working man who has two hats, wearing the best every day;
The windows patched with paper, rags or turf;
A sweep or baker passing through the crowd;
A woman's lost lace dangling loose;
Orange peel thrown on the foot-path.

An orphan girl tempted to walk the streets for the purpose of prostitution;
Good meat thrown to the dog;
A work-house funeral near without attendants;
A rich man's funeral blocking up the streets;
A woman beating her child because it had nearly got him over;

A country overseer putting out a poor woman by the shoulders;
Two men fighting a pitched battle on Sunday morning, with a large attendance of men and women;

A man, after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection;
A child crying for hours together in a cradle;
A poor lad or girl, at 5 o'clock in a winter's morning, going to the factory naked out of health;

A man stuffed with rich food until his legs are obliged to be tied up;
A bedroom comb left full of hair;
A servant waiting at table with dirty hands;
A woman slipping at the back door of a public house, with a little jag at tea time;

A justice living persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets "fresh" himself;
A beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformations by a road side;

An old man of seventy and a young girl of seventeen going to church to get married;
A drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop down a narrow street;

Clothes lying to be mended, while there are so many without covering;
A coach horse with bleeding shoulders;
A dog in a poor man's house who gets relief from the parish;

Cauldren's shoes unbuttoned, and stockings out at the heel;
An umbrella on a windy day with two broken bones.

The billiard, carrying the bed and chair of a poor widow to the obelisk, to sell for rent;
A poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve on Saturday night.—[English Educational Magazine.

SENTIMENTS FROM BULWER.—Early Love.—Perhaps one of the most useful lessons that disappointment has taught us is a true estimate of love. For at first we are apt to imagine that woman must be perfect, that the dreams of the poets have a corporal being; and that God has ordained to us, that unclouded nature, that unchanging devotion, that seraph heart, which has been the great vice of fiction to attribute to the daughters of clay. And in hoping perfection, with how much excellence have we been disappointed!—In how many minds have we changed our worship! Thirsting for the golden fountain of the fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust! The experience, which teaches us at last the due estimate of woman, has gone far to instruct us in the claims of men. Love, once the monopolizer of our desires, gives way to the more manly and selfish passions. We wake from a false paradise to the real earth.

Society.—Society is but a tinkling symbol, a gallery of pictures, the moment we discover there is no life there.

Society is a feast, where every one must contribute his quota, and when our seat at the table is noted as the house of silence and gloom, we are soon left to enjoy our meditations alone.

Sickness.—In sickness, we feel helpless and dependent, and desire to have somewhere. We are disposed to love, and to crave love and sympathy. As life wanes, the affections warm—that is, in cases of early death—love, in the decay of years, the heart outlives all its ties.

Self-dependence.—A great and indelible lesson towards prominent independence of character, is the necessity of providing for one's self. I travelled, while young, over much of Scotland, in the humble character of a pedestrian tourist, and nothing ever did my character more solid good.

LOVE AND GOOSE-BERRIES.

A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—her name, she's the "anxious mother" of half a dozen little cousins, now—well, she was of form and features as far above the concentrated charms of all the heroines of all the novels that ever was or ever will be written, as Amanda Malvina Fitz Allen was superior to Mrs. Jerry Sneak.

Her voice was like the wild warbling of an Arabian bird as it hails the Zephyrus in their slumber—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't march them there; and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams and then with a sudden start, flashing their death-dealing rays upon you, that your very heart involuntarily felt the process of combustion—her brow shaded by her sunken hair, was like a hazy breadth of white cloud and the rich lustre of a southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow cords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh how we adore a pretty foot—Titania, Queen of Fairies, would have given her most not shall chariot just to have seen that perfect feature we must call it.

Well, we were in a terrible condition about that cousin—sometimes we'd call her "cousin," it was so delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature, and then we'd call her cousin, for we had a sort of trap, that if she asked, as we hoped she would, why we used not that cousinly title—we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that she desired when mankind came, to call her by a dearer name.

But the provoking little mix never seemed to notice whether we *coined* or not.

She was older than we—and her name was Elegancia.

One day we were walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unbroken tale of affection, which enshrouded the heart.

We were in a beautiful walk, fringed with gooseberry bushes, when after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee, in burning words we poured forth our story of eternal love.

Elegancia calmly listened—we thought we perceived a kind of quivering in her radiant eyes—we rose and stretched out our arms, expecting, of course, that she would sink upon our breast, and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment.

Reader, she did not such thing.

She serenely turned, and pulling a handkerchief of green goose-berry, gravely asked,

"Cousin John, what are these?"

"Goose-berryes, my darling Elegancia!" answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied, "goose-berryes must be good for your complaint!" —Natches Court.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.—Sunday Experiments.—Rub together a little dry powdered alum and acetate of lead; both will become fluid.

To a saturated solution of sulphate of lime, add a saturated solution of sub-carbonate of potash, (both transparent liquids), the mixture will be nearly solid.

Rub together a little pure white camellia (sublimated mercury) and pure white ammonia (being moistened) it both will become intensely black.

Fill a flask nearly half full of water, and apply heat till it boils; take it from the fire and add to it (has done boiling) pour cold water upon the flask, and the water inside will recommence boiling.

An orphan girl tempted to walk the streets for the purpose of prostitution;

Good meat thrown to the dog;

A work-house funeral near without attendants;

A rich man's funeral blocking up the streets;

A woman beating her child because it had nearly got him over;

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